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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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MAY, 1819.  
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**MADemoisELLE GEORGES WEIMER.**

**T**HE constant intercourse between France and England, the almost general knowledge of the two languages among the natives of each country, and a participation in each other's public amusements and recreations, have given a kind of common interest in what concerns the two nations, and a desire to be made acquainted with the prominent characters that each contains. The lady chosen for this Number is considered the first actress of the present age in France. She is the daughter of M. George Weimer, a Frenchman, of German extraction, and was born at Amiens. Mademoiselle Georges Weimer has a tall, majestic, and graceful figure, of the finest symmetry, with a head of the true Grecian model, and a beautiful countenance; of which the Portrait prefixed is a good copy, from a correct and highly finished drawing, taken in 1817, while she was performing many of the finest scenes from the best French tragedies with that great actor Talma, at the Grand Saloon of the King's theatre in this country.

Mademoiselle Georges made her first *debut* at the *Theatre Français* in June, 1803, at a very early age, in the character of *Clytemnestra*, in the tragedy of *Iphigenie en Aulide*. The French critics immediately pronounced, that she pos-

sessed abilities of the first order; and welcomed her with enthusiasm in the several characters of *Phedre*, *Semiramis*, *Didon*, and *Camille*.

In 1808, she quitted the *Theatre Français*, and repaired to St. Petersburg, where she remained till 1813, when her countrymen were ordered out of that empire. In her absence, the principal characters had been filled by one or two performers of first-rate abilities; and it was with difficulty she procured a re-admission into the *Theatre Français*; but her person, form, and voice, were superior to any that had succeeded her; and as it was said that she had very cogent reasons for this seeming neglect, she soon found partizans to interest themselves in her behalf. She made her second *debut* in the character of *Merope*, and was again greeted with the most enthusiastic applause by a crowded and brilliant audience.

In consequence of a disagreement with the Duke of Duras, the *Intendant* of the *Theatre Français*, she resigned her engagement; and afforded the lovers of the drama in this country a display of dramatic talent rarely witnessed. M. Talma is allowed to surpass every actor of the present day in France; and in the scenes exhibited on this occasion between this incomparable actor and actress, the performance was exquisite.

Mademoiselle Georges recited scenes from *Phedre*, *Andromache*, *Macbeth*, &c. In personifying *Phedre*, the speeches which disclose to her confidante her love for her son-in-law, communicated all the conflicting passions of the scene; and to many passages in *Hermione*, *Lady Macbeth*, &c. she gave an expression and force that shewed a great proficiency in the art.

In private life, her manners are accomplished, lively, and affable; the beauty of her person is heightened by "the thousand nameless graces that round her play;" and give a charm that is indescribable either by the pen or the pencil. For the grand contest between this lady and Mademoiselle Duchesnois, we refer our readers to p. 141 of the present volume in our Number for March last. 13

## THE BATTUECAS ;

A ROMANCE,

FOUNDED ON A MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

TRANSLATION,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

*(Continued from page 189.)*

IN quitting for ever the confidential mountain, the depositary of all his thoughts for six years, Placid felt a woe-ful heart-breaking ; it seemed as if he were separating a second time, and for ever from Donna Bianca. He leaned against a rock, and casting his eyes upon the wild fig and citron trees, whose brilliant foliage shaded the wrecks of his destroyed hovel. Adieu, said he, adieu, tempestuous abode, in which my first verses were composed ! Upon these rocks, exposed to the burning air of mid day, in the midst of tempests, I received my first inspirations ! fatal presage of the tumultuous agitations which were to consume the days of my youth ! At these words, Placid, sighing deeply, descended the mountain : he held the portrait of his son ; which he looked at, and the secret trouble of his soul was soon dissipated.

From this day, Inès acquired a new right to the affection of Placid ; and one of the most powerful of all ; she became his pupil. Placid gave her regularly every day lessons on music and painting. Inès, capable of great application, made a rapid and astonishing progress. How much she loved the acquisitions which delighted Placid, and induced him to remain near her ! At length Placid enjoyed the real felicity which a lawful attachment, and a happy union of inclinations, principles, and duties, pro-

cure. It was impossible to efface Donna Bianca from his memory; a little melancholy was still mixed with this remembrance; yet he could now see her again without danger; he had always a great and unalterable attachment to her; but it no longer disturbed his peace.

Placid, having been restored to himself for more than a year, was only grieved on one account, that he did no longer receive intelligence from Don Pedro and Donna Bianca; reason, in resuming her power over him, had given him all the attachment that he owed to the friendship of Don Pedro; and now the remembrance of this virtuous friend was ever united in his mind to that of Donna Bianca; and he had for both a sentiment nearly equal. Since the death of father Isidore, no priest had left the valley: at length Placid learnt, that a young novice was in a few days going to Madrid; and he gave him Don Pedro's address, and requested him to make enquiries concerning him. He impatiently awaited the return of this young priest, who was to have been absent a month, but who hastily returned in five or six days. Placid was in the convent when he entered. Surprised at seeing him again so soon, Placid interrogated him, and learnt with horror, that Spain had been for eight months desolated by a sanguinary civil and external war; that the road which led to Madrid was occupied by troops; and that it was impossible to go there without being exposed to the most frightful dangers. Good God! cried Placid, if they are returned, the lives of Donna Bianca and Don Pedro, in the midst of this frightful tumult, are, perhaps, exposed! At this thought, he immediately resolved to go to Madrid himself. He advised the superior of the convent not to spread this disastrous news among the Battuécas, which it was so easy to conceal from them, since they never asked questions, nor any way troubled themselves about what was passing out of their valley. Placid particularly requested, that Inès should be ignorant of these particulars; they were kept quite secret; and when Placid informed Inès that he had received a letter from Don Pedro which



compelled him to make a little excursion to Madrid, Inés believed him, and was only afflicted at the idea of passing two months without him.

Placid had preserved the clothes which he brought from Madrid, and a purse, containing some sums of gold and silver which Don Pedro had formerly given him. He wished to depart without delay; dressed himself three hours before day-light; took his purse and a large stick; and, after having bid adieu to the sorrowful Inés; and embraced his sleeping son, he left his cottage, crossed the valley, and was out of its peaceful confines at break of day. He was greatly affected, when a second time he passed those bounds which separate it from the rest of the world. Alas! said he, looking sorrowfully at the enormous masses of rocks which surrounded the valley, it is seven years ago, since, full of ignorance, curiosity, and vain hopes, I was in this same place with Don Pedro; I was transported at going to those civilized men of whom I had so high an opinion! O! since that time I am grown old; and have lost all the illusions that charmed me! I am now going to behold scenes which will at once give me an abhorrence and dislike to civil communities. I am going to see the sanguinary depravity which is produced by pride, ambition, discord, and revenge! Come, these horrors will at least attach me more than ever to the fortunate vale of the Battuécas. Saying these words, he set forward. It was at the latter end of August. In two hours, Placid arrived at a village, and there found a stage-coach, which conveyed him to Salamanca. This town is only thirty-five leagues from Madrid; but no person would accompany him thither; the whole town was in alarm; nothing was talked of but the approach of the enemy; and they assured him, that all the roads to Madrid were filled with soldiers of all parties. Nothing could stop Placid: he was obliged to sleep at Salamanca; but he left it the next morning before sun-rise; and, after having taken some instructions, he continued his journey alone, and on foot. After walking three hours, he was

obliged to stop, and look for a spring, or some brook, to satisfy his extreme thirst; at two hundred paces from him, he saw a girl, of fifteen or sixteen years of age, with a little shepherd of the same age: he called them; they ran; and at this instant, turning his eyes to the right, he discovered a cistern half concealed by briars; he drew near, and was going to drink, when the young shepherds, who had come to him, prevented him, by calling out, Do not drink this water.—Why? asked Placid.—It is poisoned.—Poisoned! good heaven!—Yes; but for the enemy, and not for you. We knew, when you called us, that you were a Spaniard; and I wished to save you.—This cistern is poisoned! repeated Placid, shuddering; and by whom?—By us, according to the directions of our parents; and very justly, since we do it to deliver ourselves from an enemy who plunders our churches, and kills, burns, and destroys, whatever comes in his way. During this frightful account, Placid, seized with horror, looked stedfastly at her, who, at so early a period of life, and with such sweetness and innocence imprinted on her countenance, was so unconcernedly making this execrable confession. O! prodigy of human corruption! cried he, detestable consequence of war and national hate! Even children are capable of committing unheard-of crimes! innocence only serves to prevent them from comprehending the atrocity, and to keep them from remorse!—But why are you angry? said the young girl. Are you not a Spaniard?—No, thank heaven! replied Placid. Fly, monsters; you who, springing from the hands of nature, have already fallen into the utmost depravity! Unfortunate victims of universal corruption, fly! These words the affrighted shepherds obeyed, calling Placid a bad man; and repenting, that they had not suffered him to drink water from the fatal cistern.

Placid understood a little French; he had studied a grammar, given him by Adolphus when he quitted him. He drew a knife from his pocket, with the point of which he engraved, in large characters, upon a stone of the cistern, an advertisement, which he signed, containing what

follows, *Ne buvez point de cette eau; elle vous donneroit la mort. Placide, un Battuécus.* Drink not of this water; it will kill you. Placid, a Battuécas. After this action, which eased his soul a little from its grievous load, Placid continued his journey. Still tormented with thirst, he looked for a cottage; and, after having wandered more than two hours, he discovered one in a charming situation. On approaching this pretty habitation, he saw that all the doors were open; and was astonished to find no one within. At this moment, he distinguished the noise of cannon at a distance. I recollect this noise, said he; I have heard it when at Madrid, on religious festivals; it was then used in honour of the divinity, and now it outrages the divine law; and is the signal for murder and revenge! The appearance of this peaceful dwelling indicated that the inhabitants, overcome by terror, had voluntarily left it; in this deserted cottage, every thing presented the recent marks of a precipitate flight: there were seen a cloth, plates, and glasses, upon a table, which shewed that the inhabitants had been making preparations for a meal; several chairs were overturned; a distaff, loaded with hemp, laid on the floor, and seemed to have fallen suddenly from laborious hands, which had been engaged in this innocent and useful occupation; the thread of the hemp was broken, and the spindle had rolled to the other extremity of the room; the disorder of the coverlet, and the overturning of a little cradle, sufficiently shewed that the child, deposited in it, had been abruptly drawn from it. Good God! said Placid, these men who fill both young and old, women, and harmless labourers, with such terror, are neither called thieves, nor robbers! and yet they commit acts of aggression more injurious to society! O! continued he, with what joy I should return to the valley, whose manners I can now appreciate, if I were easy concerning Donna Bianca and Don Pedro! At these words, he left the cottage, and continued his journey. The cannon was no longer heard, the day began to decline, Placid lost his way, and found himself, at eight o'clock in the evening,

near an ancient and vast castle. The rays of the moon alone illumed this venerable habitation; no light was seen in it; a profound silence reigned in the place, which was surrounded by ponds and olive-trees. Placid thought the castle was abandoned; and determined to wait there till morning; the doors were a-jar, he entered, crossed the court, and heard great dogs barking. He looked, and really saw two enormous mastiffs; but they were chained. He supposed that the castle had been left during the day, and without waiting to untie the dogs. He went forward, entered a vestibule, then ascended a grand staircase, and was soon in uninhabited apartments, still full of Gothic furniture;—suddenly he stops;—hears harmonious sounds,—he starts; for sweet and melodious music always recalled the remembrance of Donna Bianca!—he hurries to a door,—opens it, and then the most unexpected sight met his eyes,—he sees a paralytic old man of eighty, laid on a bed, at the foot of which were two beautiful twin sisters, nine years of age, perfectly resembling each other, and playing on a lute.—At sight of Placid, the old man, terrified, cried out, sorrowfully, O! respect infancy. And the two young ladies, in tears, threw themselves at Placid's feet, and begged the life of their grandfather. Placid, deeply affected, could not refrain from tears. Just heaven! said he, you mistake me for one of those barbarians who are ravaging Spain! Ah! take courage; I would, if it were necessary, shed the last drop of my blood in your defence. At these words, pronounced in the most affecting accent, the old man and his grand-daughters blessed Providence, and this generous stranger; and the old man relates, that, alarmed at a cannonading which had been heard for twelve hours, he had sent his two most faithful domestics in the morning for intelligence; that they had not returned, and that the rest, even the maid-servants, had made their escape in the course of the day. The old man added to this account, recitals of such atrocious cruelty in the different parties who were making war, he drew so terrible a picture of the devastations, outrages,



plunderings, and murders, which were committing, that Placid, not believing it possible human nature could be so degraded and perverted, was persuaded that hate and terror had prodigiously exaggerated these frightful accounts; but he believed sufficient to be filled with indignation and horror.

Placid, being questioned in turn, said, that he wished to go to Madrid, to enquire about a friend, from whom he had received no intelligence a long time; and when he named Don Pedro, How happy am I, cried the old man, to save you a dangerous journey, and to remove your fears about this friend; to whom, since his marriage with the handsome Donna Bianca, I am allied. Don Pedro and his wife are still at Paris; and will remain there till these troubles are at an end. Five years ago, I bought him this ancient castle; and there being a balance of account in the hands of his banker, I received a letter from him a few days since, which will prove to you, that Don Pedro is in France; and at the same time, that the banker who wrote to me, left Madrid the following day; and as you will not find him there, your journey will be useless.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### MARTIN LUTHER,

IN the preface to one of his works, thus addresses the reader—"Above all things, I request the pious reader, and entreat him, to read my books with discretion and with pity. Let him remember that I was once a poor monk, and a mad Papist; and, when I first undertook this cause, so drunken and so drowned in papal delusions, that I was ready to have killed all men, and to have assisted others in doing it, who dared to withdraw their obedience from the Pope in the smallest point. I was then a madman, like to many at this day."

VIEWS OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.

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*No. I.*

THE writer who begins a periodical paper has many things to consider in the commencement of his task; the first, and certainly not the least essential, is to recommend himself to his readers. We are all conscious of feeling a deeper interest in the perusal of a work when we have, or fancy we have, some little acquaintance with the author; the majority of Essayists have taken advantage of this feeling to present themselves in a very favourable point of view to their readers. As for myself, I should be very happy to stand well with mine, and I can assure them with great sincerity, that, in my own opinion, I am far from being deficient in those qualities which challenge the love and esteem of our fellow-creatures; nevertheless, an unfortunate love of truth has, from my birth down to the present moment, entailed upon me many mishaps, and rendered me generally disliked by my acquaintance. This prejudice is, however, a very unfounded one, at least I think so, and as I flatter myself the majority of my readers will be of the same opinion, I will relate a few of my adventures, before I explain the design of my paper.

My father was a man of good family, and moderate fortune. Certainly, if his own account of himself was to be credited, he was also a person of no ordinary wisdom, for I have heard him say a thousand times, he never did but one foolish thing in his life, and that was *committing* matrimony. That that was a foolish thing, my mother and he perfectly agreed, and, indeed, it was the only subject on which they ever did agree. He inveighed against the folly of his proceeding, and she was outrageous at the wickedness as well as the absurdity of it; he said, that he had sacrificed the quiet of his life, and she vowed that

he had destroyed the comfort of hers. On these occasions, my mother generally had the loudest, and the longest share of the conversation; for my father could not reproach her, as is commonly the case, with being a willing accessory to his crime, because she had been forced, sorely against her will, to marry him. She assured him, before the knot was tied, that she would give him cause to repent the violence he offered to her inclinations; and, to do her justice, she faithfully kept her word; for she worried him in every possible way from morning till night.

I was the only fruit of these inauspicious nuptials; and I might be said, from my earliest infancy, to be a bond of disunion between my parents; for the wishes of the one concerning me were sure to be constantly thwarted by the other. As I grew up, my father caned me daily with the greatest severity, in order, as he said, to correct the bad qualities I inherited from my mother, whom, he protested, I exactly resembled, both in temper and disposition; a charge which my dear mamma strenuously denied. She vowed, on the contrary, that I was as like himself in mind as in person; and she scolded and starved me continually, in the hope, she said, that I might be broken of a hundred awkward, disagreeable habits, which were so like my father, that they put her in a fever whenever she saw me practise them. It will easily be believed, that this treatment fostered in my infant mind a downright dislike to both my parents, and, as I was too sincere to conceal it, my childhood was a continued martyrdom.

An uncle of my father, who had always intended me for his heir, struck my name out of his will before I was twenty, for giving him my candid opinion on a treatise he was about to publish on the spirit of the British Constitution. He lent it to me in manuscript, with a charge to read it carefully, and let him know what I thought of it. I assured him, when I returned it, that it appeared to me, he had taken altogether a wrong view of the subject. I was about to prove the truth of my assertion, but he prevented me by ringing for a servant to shew me the

door, and desiring the man in my presence, to recollect that I never was to be suffered to enter his house again. The same day, he wrote to my father, that no part of his property should ever go towards enriching so stupid and ignorant a puppy as myself.

Shortly after this affair, my father signified to me that it was his intention that I should marry. I was rather averse to matrimony; but I very well knew that his decrees were irrevocable; and beside, the lady of whom he had made choice, was one that I was myself inclined to like. I therefore signified my acquiescence, and went through the ceremony of being presented in form to my intended and her mother, a widow lady, under whose guardianship my future bride was left by her deceased father. I had no reason to complain of my reception; and I was much pleased with the behaviour of the young lady; but unfortunately, during my second visit, her mother enquired, whether I played at chess; and on my replying in the affirmative, challenged me to a game. I check-mated her in a few minutes. "Bless me!" cried she, "you are an amazingly powerful player." "On the contrary," replied I, "I play very indifferently." "Nay, now," cried she, "that is being too modest; you must not say that, after having conquered me so quickly." "That proves nothing in my favour, madam," said I, "I am a bad player, it is true; but you scarcely know the game at all." The lady reddened, but made no reply; and the next morning, I received an intimation, that my future visits to her daughter would be dispensed with.

This affair drew upon me the anger of both my parents; but, as the days of caning and starving were passed, they could only give vent to their anger in reproaches, of which they were not sparing. The one said, I was too great a fool, and the other vowed I was too much of a brute, ever to get a wife. I must own, that appearances seemed to favour the truth of these assertions; for out of nine ladies whom I addressed in turn, I was rejected by every one, for no other cause, than the sincerity with which I



expressed my sentiments upon different points either to them, or their relations.

At length, the death of my father enabled me to drop all thoughts of matrimony, and for some time I lived in tolerable quiet, till I became desirous of a seat in parliament, which I was induced to think of for no reason upon earth but because I thought it necessary that the ministry should hear a few truths. The member for the borough of Guzzledown died, and I immediately offered myself as a candidate. Alas! I soon found that a love of truth is the last quality which will recommend a man to electors. One asked me to provide for his son, for whom he wished to get a little snug post under government. Another insisted that I should obtain a repeal of the Corn Bill; a third wanted me to place his daughter among the bedchamber women of her late majesty; and a fourth told me, that he expected I should get three of his boys at least into the Blue-coat School. I told them frankly that I could not be of the smallest service to them in these matters; but I promised faithfully, that I would take the strictest care of their interests in Parliament. They thanked me heartily, declared that I was a very honest gentleman, and directly gave their votes and interest to my opponent, Sir Peter Plausible, who, though he had not a jot more interest than myself, did not scruple to promise them all they wished to obtain.

My matrimonial disappointments, and this event together, gave me in some degree a disgust to active life, and this disgust has been heightened by the prejudice which my love of truth has created against me among my acquaintance. I begin to find myself shunned by the men, and laughed at by the women. The former vote me a bore, and the latter a bear. Under these circumstances, my readers will not wonder that my amusements should be in a great degree solitary; and as I have not passed through life, the middle period of which I have just reached, with an unobservant eye, I think that a periodical paper may occupy a few of my leisure hours, pleasantly to my-

self, and not unprofitably to the public. It is not my intention to give dry disquisitions on virtues and vices, I shall confine myself to the effects which they have on the happiness, or misery, of our lives; and as it is my object to present human nature, in all its various forms, to my readers, I invite the grave and the gay to contribute to my pages. All, in short, who can aid me in awakening, through moral fiction, a serious reflection, or who can raise a harmless laugh, by a humorous delineation of character, will be welcome. But I must premise, that I shall not abate a jot of my native reverence for truth; those, therefore, who may favour me with their correspondence, must expect to be treated with sincerity, not compliment.

CHRISTOPHER CANDID.

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#### ANECDOTE OF THOMAS GUY.

HE employed a female servant, whom he had agreed to marry; some days previous to the intended ceremony, he had ordered the pavement before the door to be mended up to a particular stone which he had marked, and then left his house on business; this servant, in his absence, looking at the workmen, saw a broken stone beyond this mark which they had not repaired, and on pointing to it with that design, they acquainted her that Mr. Guy had not ordered them to go so far; she, however, directed it to be done, adding, with the security incidental to her expectation of soon becoming his wife, "Tell him I bid you, and he will not be angry." But she too soon learnt how fatal it is for any one in a dependant situation to exceed the limits of their authority, for her master on his return was enraged at finding they had stretched beyond his orders, renounced his engagement to his servant, and devoted his ample fortune to public charity.

## ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED WOMEN

OF THE

**Present Century.****PAULINE BONAPARTE.**

IN Bonaparte's sisters, there were several general traits of resemblance; an ungovernable ambition; and an irresistible propensity to intrigue; all had their share of attractions, but Pauline was without dispute the prettiest. She was not ignorant of it; ordered Canova to make a statue of her without drapery, and condescended to shew herself to him, as Venus appeared, coming out of the water, that he might take a model of her fine form.

She was first married to General Le Clerc, the son of a miller at Pontoise. Bonaparte, then first consul, entrusted him with the command of the expedition destined to go against St. Domingo, which departed from France in December, 1801. Every one knows the result; near forty thousand Frenchmen perished in the contest with the negroes, or in consequence of the pestilence which desolated their army. The general himself fell a victim; and Madame Le Clerc, who had followed her husband, returned to France, like a new Artemisia, dragging after her the coffin of the general, which she determined not to lose sight of a single instant; but this coffin contained the soul rather than the body of her husband; for it contained nothing but the gold and jewels of which he had plundered St. Domingo.

Afterwards she married Prince Borghese. During her second marriage, she connived at an act which might be qualified as a pleasant and artful ruse, if it had not been an abuse of power, which is at all times censurable.

The house that she inhabited at Paris, though spacious and commodious, was not thought sufficiently large. She learnt that the apartments of one of the two houses adjoining her own, were exactly on a level with her's, and of the same height; she immediately dispatched an emissary to the proprietor to request him to sell it, and even offered him a sum beyond its value. He was in easy circumstances, and liking the abode which he had long occupied, obstinately rejected the proposition. The princess was then reduced to ask him to let that part of the first floor to her which she wanted to enlarge her apartment. This negociation was not more successful than the first; and the affair appeared to be forgotten on both sides, but this was not the case.

The proprietor often went into the country in fine weather. As soon as the Princess Borghese knew that he was gone, she sent for workmen of every description; made a hole in the wall which separated her apartment from that which she coveted; completely removed the furniture of the latter; heaped all the things upon the stair-case; threw the address of her attorney upon an arm-chair in his residence; walled all the doors which communicated with the rest of the house; and took possession of her new dwelling, which she furnished and decorated in the first style.

All this was not done without the porter's knowledge; he wrote to his master, who returned immediately. Exasperated at being thus dispossessed by main force, he took the opinion of counsellors and arbitrators concerning the best mode of obtaining redress; they one and all advised him to put up with it quietly; and go to the attorney whose address had been left him. He went; the attorney told him that he was ordered to pay him the sum which had been offered, either for the sale of his house, or the letting of the apartment on the first floor. He reflected that a law-suit with the emperor's sister might expose him to persecution; that, instead of receiving the reasonable sum that was offered, he might run the risk of compromis-



ing his fortune, and perhaps his individual safety; and therefore, he signed the contract of sale.

The princess sometimes delighted in divesting herself of a greatness, which was, on certain occasions, importunate, and sought retired pleasures, which were not only more agreeable, but more gratifying. One national festival, a fancy came into her head, that she would go alone, and in the closest *incognito*, to see the fire-works let off in the Luxembourg gardens. Tastily, but very simply drest, having a hat which nearly covered her face, and a veil, whose many folds only left a suspicion of her beautiful form, she set out in a cabriolet, driven by one domestic, whom she always took on such occasions, and alighted at the gate of Enfer-street.

Confounded in the crowd assembled to see the fire-works, she was but a few paces from a young man, who had noticed the elegance of her figure, and the few attractions that could be discerned. In a dexterous manner, he soon placed himself by her side, and at the same instant an infant trod on the princess's foot, which caused her to call out. The stranger immediately drove the heedless fellow back, compelled him to go away, and asked the fair one in a tone of the most touching interest, whether she was hurt. The princess surveyed her defender; he was young, well-formed, his voice and manner bespoke him a man above the common class, and in short, he made a favourable impression on her. She entered into conversation with him, and was as well satisfied with his mind as his person. After the fire-works were let off, he offered her refreshments, which she accepted; he asked permission to conduct her home, but was refused in a manner that allowed him not to insist. To soften this refusal, the princess promised to see him again, and asked him his name and address.

The next day he received by post a perfumed letter, in which he was acquainted, that if he would be in the Luxembourg garden, near the fountain of Nymphs, at seven o'clock the following evening, he would find a lady who

had not forgotten him. It may easily be conceived that he was there before the appointed time; and his punctuality was rewarded; for the clock had scarcely struck seven, when he saw a lady come, whom he recognized as the charming unknown fair one. She took his arm; they walked a long time; soon found that they were mutually agreeable to each other; and felt a desire to meet again. But interviews in the open air are subject to a thousand inconveniences; it might rain; impertinent persons might meet them; the lady could not receive him at her own house; and she would not consent to go to his. At last she left him, promising that he should hear from her constantly. Two days after, another letter requested the young man to go to Madame D. linen-draper, in ——— street, and to demand the key of the apartment that had been hired for him. He was ordered to be there at noon. He went at the hour appointed, and found a small apartment furnished with all the taste and research that could be desired. He had not to wait for the lady, who began by making him promise, that he would never endeavour to know her, and particularly that he should never attempt to follow her. He promised all that she required, and faithfully kept his promise.

This intrigue lasted two months; at the time of every rendezvous, the following was agreed on, and neither of the lovers ever failed to keep the appointment. But in this life, every thing is unstable; and at the expiration of the time mentioned, the young man waited all the morning of one day for his charming Amelia in vain, which is the name that the princess had borrowed. For some days, he expected to receive a letter from her, but this hope was not realized. He ran to the linen-draper's, to try to obtain some information of her; but she was removed, and no one could tell him what was become of her. At last, he had nothing of his good fortune remaining but the remembrance, and the elegant moveables which furnished the apartment.

Some months after, having received an invitation to as-

sist at a court-spectacle, what was his surprise to recognize his unknown fair one in a woman covered with diamonds, who was in the emperor's box. He enquired her name of one of those who were near him, and learnt that it was the princess Pauline. His eyes were fixed upon her during the remainder of the exhibition. The princess also perceived him, appeared to be surprised, turned her head another way, and never looked again on his side. He returned home mortified at a reception so different from what he had been accustomed to, and, for some days, was solely employed in dreaming of the means to renew his former correspondence. He had not yet found any, when he received an order to go immediately to the minister, where he learnt that the emperor had just granted him a place in one of the departments of the South of France, and that he must depart the following morning, and take possession of it. He had no difficulty in comprehending what this unexpected favour meant; but, as the place suited him, he was easily consoled for the exile to which she had condemned him.—Translated from a work just published, entitled *Anecdotes sur la Cour et l'Intérieur de la Famille de Napoleon Bonaparte*.

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#### LOUIS XII. KING OF FRANCE.

THIS father of his people was told that the players of Paris had the insolence to take him off upon the theatre, as an avaricious man who drank out of a vessel full of pieces of gold, without being able to quench his thirst. "Buffoons," said he coolly, "think they have the privilege to turn every one into ridicule. I am not more perfect than the rest of mankind. The idea is fair enough. I very readily forgive them; and after all," added he, "I had rather that my people laughed at my parsimony than that they wept at my prodigality."

## ANNALS OF FEMALE FASHION ;

IN WHICH

EVERY ANCIENT AND MODERN MODE

IS CAREFULLY TRACED FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE  
BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*(Continued from page 196.)*

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BEFORE I commence this part of my work, I must premise, that, from the time in which France became a civilized country, the other nations of Europe, with the exception of Spain, regulated, in a great degree, their fashions by her's. I shall, therefore, under the head of the English Costume, present to my fair readers a detail of those modes, in which, for some centuries, the politer part of Europe appeared; and shall also, in a proper place, touch upon those particulars of national dress which continued to be peculiar to some countries.

But, before I begin my account of these, I must go back to the period in which the Romans invaded Britain, because it is from thence that we date the first accounts that we have of the Picts, as our ancestors were called.

At that period, the women as well as the men wore in the winter a single garment. It was a mantle composed of the skins of beasts, and was their only covering. In summer, they appeared without any clothing at all. But though without garments, they had ornaments in abundance; for their finely turned limbs were covered with painted figures of suns, moons, stars, flowers, trees, birds, and beasts. The face was the only part which these fair paintresses left untouched, all the rest was partially stained with *woad*; and that lady was esteemed the most dashing *belle*, whose person exhibited the greatest variety of ornaments.



This circumstance, if properly considered, may serve to rescue from undeserved reproach many a British lady of the nineteenth century. How much ought her moderation to be praised, who, inheriting as she does a passion for painting from her Pictish ancestors, yet confines the use of it to her face and neck, and instead of challenging applause by the delineation of various figures, has sufficient humility to content herself with imitating the house-painter, by laying on a coat of white, or red.

The conquest of Britain by the Romans, of course, occasioned a revolution in the fashions, as well as in the Government; but the barbarism of those times has prevented me from being able to ascertain what garments were in use, till about the eighth century after Christ. At that period, we find that the French and British fair first appeared in a robe which was worn over an under vest, that, by the description we have of it, must have nearly resembled a modern sleeping gown; it was composed of fine linen, was made with long loose sleeves, and always descended to the feet.

The robe differed very little in form from the under dress; it was loose, easy, and flowing, confined to the waist by a cestus, and always long enough to cover the feet.

Strange to tell, the robe retained its original form for near a century. It is true, that, during that time, some bold innovaters, the *dashers* of those days, ventured to make some alteration in the sleeves, which from being originally made to cover the arm down to the wrist, were occasionally shortened to the elbow; but we find that these changes were neither frequent nor lasting, as the ladies of that time seem to have had a very prudish predilection for wrapping up.

The Anglo-Saxons, who then possessed Britain, seem to have been almost as fond of finery as their predecessors, the Picts. The robes of the former being as much diversified with needle-work, as the skins of the latter with paint. The robe, indeed, exhibited at once the talents, the industry, and the wealth of the wearer; and it is re-

markable, that, in those days, as well as our own, the more *outré* a lady's trimmings were, the more fashionable.

Our ancestors had not, like us, a choice of materials. Woollen in the winter, and linen in the summer, was used for robes. Some few of our princesses, indeed, were possessed of a silk gown; but the dearness of that article rendered a dress composed of it too expensive to be worn by any but those of the royal blood.

The out-door covering was a mantle, which, we find, was confined almost exclusively to those of the highest rank; it was of an oval form, and was generally worn long and flowing.

There was besides a kind of great coat, composed of woollen, and worn in winter under the mantle; it was a loose garment, made with long sleeves, which completely covered the hands.

The veil was indiscriminately adopted by all ranks; it was in general made of the same material as the mantle, and was only worn in out-door costume.

The shoes then worn, were so very high in the quarter as to cover almost the whole of the foot; they were composed of black leather.

I must now leap over some centuries, during which (will our *belles* of ton believe it?) the fashions never varied; if we except, perhaps, the article of trimmings, in which, as the labours of the needle advanced towards perfection, the ladies displayed their taste and ingenuity; and we have it from the best authority, that in those days our fair countrywomen triumphed not a little in being reckoned the best needle-women in Europe.

Ladies of the highest rank, nay, even queens, did not disdain to employ their leisure hours in embroidery, not only for themselves, but for their husbands, or their lovers. A fair dame then did not solace herself, in the absence of her beloved, with cards, balls, or public places; no; she endeavoured to beguile the time in embroidering a scarf for him, or some holy vestments to be presented to the chapel, where her orisons were daily offered up for his safe

return; and this embroidery, we are assured, was as magnificent as it was beautiful.

Previous to the conquest of England by the Normans, the fashions of that country had, in a great degree, been adopted by our ancestors; nor is it to be wondered at, the Norman habit being much more magnificent and tasteful than the Anglo-Saxon dress.

The robe became suddenly transformed into a garment of great width, which fell in ample folds around the figure, and shone in every part with gold, embroidery, and even precious stones. The sleeves partook of the enlargement of the skirt, and were terminated by a cuff which turned up, and was also richly ornamented.

Over this ample robe, some ladies of the highest rank wore a *corsage*, very much resembling in form the stiff whaleboned stays which were in fashion forty or fifty years ago. This was laced before, and embroidered in silks of the most vivid and beautiful colours, and over it was a kind of open gown, made of the richest materials, with short sleeves, and a train of immense length. This dress was confined to the waist by a girdle, which, among the higher ranks, was invariably composed of gold or silver stuff, and frequently studded with precious stones.

Let us now see the manner in which the fair Anglo-Norman decorated her head. We find that the front hair was parted in the Grecian style; it was suffered to hang in plaits behind, and was curled at the end of each plait. The head-dresses were either *circlets*, or *tiaras*, which were composed of gold enriched with gems.

It was about the period I am now speaking of, that the veil first became with the fair daughters of Britain a part of the home costume, though we do not suppose that it was made of transparent materials, as it was usually worn open in front, and thrown back so as to mingle with the folds of the gown behind. Whenever it was used as an out-door covering, it concealed the whole of the neck and bosom.

The last, and most gorgeous article of dress, was the

mantle; the shape of which depended on the fancy of the wearer; it was, consequently, of many different forms; some were long, others short, some round, others oval, and many wore it square; but in one particular the ladies were all agreed—that it should be as expensive as possible; for this reason, it was always covered with embroidery and ornaments, and the fair wearer might be said to be literally loaded with finery.

With this description of mantle, the fashion of train-bearers was introduced. They were children as handsome as Cupids. Ladies of distinction had generally two of these juvenile attendants, whose only business was to follow their ladies, and, by holding up the train of the mantle, preserve it from injury.

This fashion was oftener productive of harm than good to the young train-bearers; for, as they were selected merely for their beauty, and often discarded after a few years, if, as was frequently the case, they happened to be the children of peasants, they returned with unwillingness and discontent to a life of labour and hardship, after having for a short period revelled in luxury. This, however, was not always the case; the children thus employed were sometimes of respectable birth, and when they grew too tall to enact Cupids any longer, their fair patronesses exerted their influence with their lords, to have them retained among the numerous officers of which in ancient times the establishment of a feudal chief consisted.

Having now done my possible to present my fair readers with an exact description of the habiliments worn by the Anglo-Norman *belles*, let me endeavour to give them some account of the various materials for female attire, which were first imported from Normandy into this country,

(To be continued.)



ALFRED;  
AN HISTORICAL TALE.

(Continued from page 205.)

In the morning, the king took an affectionate leave of his hosts. They were loth to part with him, and looked dejected. Will you follow us, good shepherd? Before the day is closed you shall behold Prince Alfred.—Stay, says Edwina; it is unlikely that the prince would place confidence in so thoughtless a man as this.—No, no; I will go to the king; he shall see whether William, or he, is the most faithful. He had no sooner spoken than he embraced his poor wife, and followed the two warriors. At night, they slept upon a bed of leaves, beneath the shelter of a hill. The mid-day sun saw them enter the marshy country of Athelingay, whose waters are stagnant, and soil is unsolid; a fog, as dense as a cloud of ashes, constantly hides the cheering aspect of the sky; and, like the shades of death, prevents the shepherd from distinguishing when it is mid-day, and when mid-summer. Here and there a brook flows in slow and solemn cadence; the black foliage of the alder which rises from their banks, as well as funeral pillars, mark their course across the greyish fog; the rushes in tufts, stand on end on all sides of the plain, and, presenting their fragile darts, close the entrance to all who are unacquainted with the turnings of these damp regions. In the midst of the marsh, an isle raises its banks more mournful and solitary than if the vast ocean washed it with its waters. In this isle, Alfred had founded a monastery, a sweet and propitious retreat to those who only aspire after a heavenly life, but to those whom a slight fervour had imprudently induced to take the vows, a horrible prison.

The prince had just discovered the top tower of the church, behind a cloud of vapours, when he heard a clamour which increased like the noise of the wind. It is he! It is our King! Long live Alfred!—All is in motion; some run tumultuously to meet the prince; others ascend to the top of the church, and even to the top of the steeple, to see him; these kiss his footsteps; those cannot believe their own eyes; love subdues respect; nor can they be prevailed on to withdraw, till they have touched the hero's garments. All with one voice reiterate, We have again found our king. Long live Alfred! Long live Alfred!—He embraces all who surround him. Every one of his faithful subjects seems to him a beloved brother. His countenance is covered with tears. He is desirous of making himself worthy of their love and affection by fresh acquisitions of glory; and his future greatness appears already written upon his front.

The pious Neotus, the chief-priest, preceded by the sacred banner, advances to meet the king; the incense, balanced in the air, with lighted charcoal, burns, and ascends to heaven in fragrant smoke; harmonious voices, assisted by the psaltery and atola, sing the praises of the Lord, and from time to time suspend their notes, while a distant chorus answers them from the walls of the sanctuary. Alfred, without stopping to take repose, surveys the country, and traces ramparts on every shore that presents an easy access. The husbandman and the soldier, full of equal hope, at the sound of heavenly canticles, which promise an eternal recompence, join in digging up the earth; and the Lord blesses their labours, undertaken in defence of the only altar that remained to the Saxons.

Among the number who appear devoted to his cause, are there no enemies to his sacred law? Oh! yes, there are, unhappy Albion! but if thou must tremble, thou wilt at least not have to blush for thy own sins; for thy enemies are not natives of thy soil. Several friars, sent from the monastery of Corwey, and among them Sanghar and

Walter, were anxious to obtain their liberty; they had abjured their sacred vows; and nothing now detained them but the thickness of the monastery's walls, and the vigilance of their chiefs. Besides, the rest of the kingdom being under the dominion of foreign masters, they had hoped for a prompt deliverance; but the arrival of Alfred, the hopes of his friends, the preparations for war, again renewed their fears, and incited them to treason; the only means now left them of breaking their chains. Neotus, whilst these commotions lasted, was desirous of preserving servants for his prince, and priests for his God, and kept them more closely confined. Firm and severe, he was like those trees, whose fruits, under a bitter covering, conceal juices of the sweetest flavour. In Alfred's prosperity, he dared to address him in the language of truth. The praise of flatterers at that time stifled his accents, but the prince now received him with favour, and forgot his importunate advice.

As soon as he had given orders about the works, the hero commanded his soldiers and the minister of the Lord to come into his presence. My good servants and vassals, said he, I will disclose to you my thoughts. Prudence is sufficient to preserve an empire, but courage is wanted to re-establish a fallen one. What are our enemies doing? Have not the blandishments of peace destroyed the energy of their characters, and rendered their arms useless. We are strangers to every kind of luxury. I will go among them in disguise. I will ascertain whether they are preparing to follow us, or whether we ourselves ought not to attempt to surprise them. Fermais will follow me. Concealed near the Danish camp, he shall soon bring you intelligence of my success in examining the enemy's forces, and such orders as the inspiration of the Lord shall dictate. Besides the safety of my people, I have other motives for undertaking this enterprise. Though none of the monarch's friends could approve of an enterprise so beset with danger, yet no one would oppose a determination

that presented so many advantages. Neotus alone accosted him in these words—An inward conviction tells me, that the eyes of the Lord are upon thee; not only my heart, but a warning from heaven prompts me to speak; I know that it is a divine mission from the fulness of my joy.

The next morning, before break of day, Alfred laid by his armour, and put on the slight garb of a minstrel, whose voice gives a charm to the pleasures of the festal board. The resounding quiver is replaced by the sonorous harp, which now hangs pendant o'er his shoulder. With that proud look, and those noble accents, can he celebrate the valour of bravery without being recognized by his enemies as a hero? Will not his towering head seem accustomed to the weight of the crown and the helmet? This he hazarded, and, followed by Fermais, departed unnoticed by any one in Athelingay.

For a moment, freed from the cares of his country, the thoughts of Alsaithe revived with double force; the confidence she reposed in him, gave him fortitude to endure his misfortunes, and made him reflect on his humble condition with pleasure, to which he owed the certainty of being loved, a happiness rarely enjoyed by those who are surrounded by the splendour of a throne. Such were his ruminations, when he saw the standard of his enemies upon a distant hill: their ensigns were raised on lofty trees, at the foot of an ancient fortress' walls; a hamlet was extended on the right, to which Alfred directed his equerry to go, and wait for him. Alone, with a harp in his hands, he walked towards his enemies. He is much astonished to approach them thus unarmed! he slackens his pace; his light fingers touch the sonorous chords, and fill the air with melodious sounds; but every time he meets a foreigner, his hand trembles, and he is ready to seize the hilt of his sword.

Before an open barrier, a number of Danes, waiting for their evening repast, were playing at different games. Murmurs, as sweet as the voice of angels, reach their ears,



carried by the breath of evening. Astonished, and affected, by degrees they slacken their motions, lower their voices, and become immoveable and mute.

You sing well, said an officer to him: I am sorry you are a cursed Saxon. The king answered with a smile, Minstrels belong to any country that patronizes them. Brave Danes, conduct me to your prince.—Stop a little time, said one of the soldiers; when you are once admitted to the king, we shall hear you no more.—The hero began to sing some Danish songs; they were delighted; and their natural ferocity was softened for an instant. How feeble he looks, said another; and addressing him, Have you ever fought?—Never.—If you were struck, what would you do?—Who dare do it? Is not a bard under the protection of the public? If he wanted support, the heroes whom he has celebrated would rise from their graves to defend him.—I wish you better protection. While discoursing, they conducted him to Gozon's tent.

The prince was first struck with the appearance of the dykes, which were not above half the depth of those that surrounded the Danes in the time of war; and not lined as usual with pallisades. As Alfred was entering the tent, an exclamation of surprise met his ears; he raised his eyes, and saw Arthus, formerly his favourite, dressed in foreign habiliments; and bearing the marks of his preferment at the court of his new master, the reward of the most cowardly desertion. Alfred, turning towards the perfidious wretch, moved his hand in token of silence. At this moment all the majesty of a king shone on his brow. Arthus imagined that he beheld him surrounded with power, and dictating his sovereign orders from the height of his throne. A feeling of terror and repentance closed his lips. Do you know this minstrel? said Gozon.—Yes, sire.—Where have you seen him?—In Alfred's palace, answered he, reddening.—Was Alfred fond of music?—Why not? said the prince. It gives less trouble than other amusements; and my master was an idle fellow.—I hate him, interrupted Gozon; I feel that I hate him; but you were his subject,

and ought to respect him. And in truth, to whom else shall I look for fidelity!—I know your thoughts, said Alfred: now you are secure in the possession of the sceptre, you wish to find in our respect for the prince whom you have succeeded, a guarantee of our fidelity to you.—Minstrel, resumed Gozon, in a more imposing tone, I have admitted you into my presence to sing, and not to talk.

In the mean time, the princess was informed, that a Saxon bard was come among the Danes; and she went immediately to Gozon with her attendants, in hopes of hearing news of Alfred. As it was evening, she could not recognize the monarch in a dress so ill suited to him; but the hero no sooner saw than he knew her by her noble carriage. At this long desired moment, his heart was agitated with the most delightful sensations. After so much uneasiness, a ray of happiness at length shone in his eyes, but a sudden cloud obscured it: he apprehended, that the princess would betray her surprise and joy by a sudden shriek; and the assurance of his felicity become the signal for his destruction; but he was as promptly prudent as courageous. Brave Danes, said he, to the officers, I will commence with a war-song.

Alfred, while singing, kept his eyes fixed on Alsaithe. At the first expression of emotion, he raised his harp; and the rough accents of the soldiers drowned the sound of the princess's sweet voice. The Danes repeated Alfred's songs; and he having drawn near to Alsaithe, blended with their singing some words which they could not hear. Thus the confusion of Alsaithe escaped the notice of the Danes.

Gozon seemed delighted with the presence of this beauty, the pride of England. Overwhelmed with sorrow and uneasiness, she was pleased to remain alone; she sought no other consolation than her tears and the remembrance of Alfred. Deprived of the happiness of testifying her regard for him, she, who till then breathed a benevolence as sweet as the perfume of flowers, thought she could not sufficiently shew her hatred and abhorrence of his persecutors.

Why, beautiful princess, said Gozon, will you commence the spring of life in the shade of solitude? Does the lily hide its noble head beneath the grass of the meadow? The gods have been severe enough in numbering our days; we need not add to our afflictions by giving way to immoderate sorrow.—My loss is but too recent, but, if time had appeased my sorrow, it would revive at the sight of my father's murderers.—Why do you so bitterly reproach me? You know full well, that your father was the victim of his own obstinate courage; and did not fall by our hands. At that time, I had not seen you. With one exception, there is not, at this moment, a person in all England, that a word from you would not save from destruction; and he is happier than his conqueror; for he is loved by you; how then could I pardon him?—Pardon him! Alfred may fall, but will never bend. I have not the most distant idea of soliciting your pardon for him; perhaps you yourself may yet be driven to such extremity as to beg of me to intercede with him for you.—The Dane, turning to Arthus, said, with an ironical smile, Do you believe that Alfred will pardon me?—Arthus said to the hero, Minstrel, you know him better than I do; can he pardon?—Yes, answered Alfred, making a sign, which was perceived by no one but Arthus, he will pardon. Unhappy Alfred, resumed he, at the time we are speaking, concealed in the trunk of an old oak, or in the chink of a rock, with no other banquet than a honey-comb, or some wild fruit, is far from thinking that his enemies are preparing to go and implore his mercy.

As soon as the officers and princess were seated at tables surcharged with the most exquisite viands, Alfred took his harp, and delighted all the guests with the melody of his music. The soldiers ran round the tent from all parts of the camp to hear him. In the midst of these ferocious men, whose hearts he had softened, he resembled young Daniel, when he was thrown into the lion's den; and those terrible animals, instead of devouring him, came, crouching, to lick his feet.

*(To be continued.)*

*On the DANGER of entrusting CHILDREN to the  
CARE of unprincipled DOMESTICS.*

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AMIDST the various prejudices which are produced by early association, none are of so dangerous a tendency as those which are imbibed through the medium of servants; and feeling in my own person the effect of misrepresentation, I am desirous of presenting a beacon to incautious mothers.

Though children must from necessity frequently become the companions of their nurse-maids, in the absence of their parents, yet surely it is possible to avoid selecting those whose unenlightened minds are apt to impress upon the understandings of children, under their care, erroneous opinions, which neither time nor education can entirely eradicate.

Fortunately for the rising generation, those tales of ghosts and goblins, which, during the period of my childhood, obtained such universal credit amongst servants, are now no longer believed by them; though I can perfectly recollect springing down five or six stairs together at the approach of evening, from an apprehension that I was pursued by some such spectre.

Prejudices, no less destructive of right reason and philanthropy, than a belief in ghosts and goblins, are frequently inculcated in the youthful mind by the misrepresentations of servants; and from the statement of a nurse-maid, I actually believed that the shade of complexion was occasioned by a denunciation of the divine wrath; and that no one virtue could inhabit the breast of an individual lineally descended from a murderer. Though, as my understanding became enlightened, reason proved the fallacy of the former of these opinions, yet so numerous were the facts which had been related of African ven-



geance and barbarity, that I found it difficult to erase the latter opinion from my mind; and had not a calamity occurred in my family which afforded ample testimony of the fidelity and attachment of an individual of that unjustly censured class of human beings, it is doubtful whether the the impressions of mere childhood would ever have been eradicated.

The calamity to which I allude, was a fire which broke out at midnight, and raged with such fury as to threaten destruction to every individual who slept in the house, and even to those, who, from humanity, might attempt to save them. If parental attention to the comfort of his domestics, could have insured their attachment, it might have been imagined that those who lived with my father, would have vied with each other to prove its force, yet each declared it was impossible to rescue him from the impending danger, without hazarding the loss of their own existence. Providentially, however, the black servant of a near relation had been spending about three weeks at our house, and hearing them express their terror and apprehension, exclaimed, "Vat no one burn a leetle to save such good massa as you've got? Macco den die wit him, or bring him live out of de house!" So saying, he darted through the raging element, and returned in a few moments, bearing the apparently lifeless body in his arms; for the volume of smoke, with which my father was enveloped, had brought on a temporary suffocation, but happily neither of them were materially injured.

The delight of poor Macco was testified by the most frantic gestures; he laughed, wept, and danced, by turns; yet never, even indirectly, reproached his companions for their want of fidelity and attachment.

In the Ladies' Museum for March, 1817, I was much pleased with the observations of a gentleman who styles himself CENSOR, and perfectly agree with him in thinking that the actual ruin of many families originates in the fraud and extravagance of servants. The mistresses of these families might not inaptly apply the language of

the immortal Young, "Where falls this censure? it o'erwhelms myself!" and greatly it is to be deplored, that the present system of education, instead of forming useful wives, is merely calculated to produce fine ladies. Instead of superintending their domestic concerns, and directing the business of each individual, there is scarcely even a respectable tradesman's wife who does not depute some upper servant to that employment; and though she cannot be said to keep a professed lady's-maid, or housekeeper, she knows nothing of family affairs, but merely paying the bills.

I have deviated from the exact subject which gave rise to the preceding observations in order to point out more strongly that the generality of parents do not seem aware of the consequences which may arise from not being sufficiently attentive to the principles of those domestics, and particularly of those who are entrusted with the care of their children. Sobriety and honesty should be conspicuous features in the character of a servant; and, of course, it is necessary to have satisfactory testimonials. The usual enquiries are, "Is she a good needle-woman? are her manners polished? and can she clear-starch?" Thus the hazard of fraying a flounce, or stiffening a piece of Brussels, is a greater object than integrity of principle, and purity of heart.

How many lessons of dissimulation are taught children by their nurse-maids! how many visits do they pay to the friends of those nurse-maids, when the parents believe them to be strengthening their constitutions by exercise and air, whilst a slice of sugared bread and butter, or a pennyworth of gingerbread, converts the integrity of principle into confirmed habits of deception.

This is neither an imaginary nor an uncommon practice amongst servants who are entrusted with the care of children; but a matter of fact representation of the insidious snares which are laid to corrupt their dispositions. If these *trusty* damsels happen to possess personal attractions, the evils which may arise from that circumstance

are incalculable; particularly if the children under their charge are old enough to observe what is passing before them. Let any solicitous mother of a family only take the trouble of frequenting the accustomed walks of children and their attendants, and they will become the witnesses of assignations, at which purity and morality cannot fail to blush and shudder!

It may, perhaps, be asked, how evils of this description are to be remedied? I reply, by every mother of a family fulfilling the duties of a parent, and never entrusting the care of her children to an individual, whose integrity and propriety are not to be depended upon.

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#### MADAME DE STAEL,

As intriguing, as ambitious, and as puffed up with vanity as the Genevese her father, was only implacable to Bonaparte, because he had wounded her pride. The emperor, passing by Coppet, wished to see M. Necker. His daughter was there at the same time. She assisted at the conference, wished to take part in the conversation, and with her usual pedantry, give the sovereign of France a lesson on the art of governing. Napoleon only answered her by asking if she had any children. Nevertheless, when he returned from the isle of Elba, Madame de Stael, then at Paris, wrote him a letter, in which, employing all the resources of her mind to congratulate him on his return, she humbly entreated him to permit her to remain in the capital. Count Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely shewed this letter to several persons as a curious monument of a victory obtained by Bonaparte over the pride of a woman more difficult to reduce than he had formerly found Prussia and Austria. The satirical le Brun made the following epigram against this lady—

Corinne se consume en efforts superflus :

La vertu n'en veut point, le vice n'en veut plus.

## NOTICE OF NEW WORKS.

## HESITATION; OR, TO MARRY, OR NOT TO MARRY? a

*Novel, in 3 vols. 12mo. Longman, and Co.*

THE Novellist, who writes for posterity, is as attentive to the changes that take place in the moral world, as the philosopher is to those that happen in the material; and marks with precision every alteration in the character and manners of the people he resides among; at the same time that he endeavours to correct vicious habits, and those lax principles which may lead to the overthrow and subversion of the laws and ordinances of all civilized society. Such is the author of *Hesitation, or, To Marry, or Not to Marry?* a novel that may be safely recommended to youth. It points out the prevailing follies and vices of mankind; counteracts opinions in morals and religion that are considered dangerous; marks some of the peculiar changes in the characters and manners of the present generation; and enforces some useful lessons by striking examples. We quote the following as a favourable specimen of the author's style, but not of the varied excellence of the performance.

## MATRIMONY.

"Experience is always the best evidence that can be afforded on any subject. I am capable of bearing witness to the precise degree of happiness to be found in either state. Some twenty years since, my lord, I was in your situation, with feelings similar in a degree, and with intentions of celibacy exactly corresponding with your own; —I had, it is true, been educated for the Church; but I was more ambitious to *study* man, than to *instruct* him. The death of my father threw into my hands, while *very* young, and *more* inexperienced, the reins of fortune; I



bounded into the car, and rushed into the world with the impetuosity of a Phaeton. Like yours, my greatest happiness consisted in the pure liberty of my movements ; unfettered by ties of relationship, unincumbered by guardians, as I passed quickly from one scene to another, so exquisite was the sensation this conviction of perfect *uncontroul* imparted to me, that I have felt myself upborne by some guardian spirit, whilst the earth rolled from beneath my feet. This was that ferment of the feeling which produces ecstasy and frenzied enjoyment ; but it must subside with the novelty that induces it ;—happiness results from internal satisfaction ; and the tumultuous agony of joy that struggled in my bosom, was the result only of the conviction, that such internal satisfaction was within my grasp.

“ I was sought—I was caressed—by the great and the gay ; my society was courted by young men of the highest rank, who were pleased with the contrast my *enjouissance* and susceptibility of pleasure afforded to their own listlessness and inanity ; matrons, who numbered in their domestic establishment many daughters or unprovided nieces, —young ladies, who had too many blooming sisters to hope to make a figure in the world whilst they continued single, —spread out lures for me. On my first entrance into the world, though hurried away by the impetus of pleasure, I was an observer ;—I was a silent, and neither an unamused nor an uninstructed spectator of the various manœuvres, whose particular sphere of action was the immediate circle into which I was initiated ;—of many of which I was the object ;—but by which, as I comprehended the exact system of their arrangement, I was in no danger of being injured. The instruction I gathered from them, indeed, remained ; but the amusement soon vanished ;—one person of fashion is but the prototype of another ; and this sameness, when once discovered, gave a vapidness to the whole mode of life, with which a man, of my *then* ardent feelings, was soon disgusted.

“ With my state of celibacy, I was yet highly delighted. How often have I congratulated a recently-married ac-

quaintance with a flash of wit on his dereliction from the good cause, or laughed at him as planet-struck! If the witling who was the original coiner of these brilliant flashes were still in existence, he would enjoy the satisfaction of seeing his *morceaux* as regularly dished up on these occasions, as turtle at a Lord Mayor's feast!

Tired with the vapidness of the beings and the scenes that surrounded me, I withdrew myself from the society into which I had been incorporated; and, to indulge my spirit of observation, I attached myself successively to almost every gradation of rank. I proved thus the accuracy of the remark, that 'the character of the British nation resembles a cask of their own malt-liquor;—froth at the top, dregs at the bottom; but the intervening portion excellent.' By indulging these habits of observation, I became more confirmed in them;—I was fast exchanging the volatility of youth, for that decisive tone of character which they naturally induced; and perceiving the advantage I had gained, I resolved to prosecute those observations on an extended scale.

"I visited other countries;—I studied the character of men affected by other policies; I collected from man himself that truism which is constantly asserted in books—that all are employed in the pursuit of happiness. I saw, that there is but one way by which it can be gained; that the possession is so seldom acquired, because they who toil after it, do not understand the nature of what they wish to attain;—real happiness is an immutable good, and therefore cannot depend on *idea*, because the ideas of *individuals* differ widely, and those of *nations* are often as diametrically opposite as the cardinal points:—indeed, if I may illustrate this moral truth by an allusion to the various opinions by which the standard of beauty is regulated amongst the different nations who people the globe, I would say, that the English *petit-mâitre* who expends an immense quantity of dentifrice in improving the whiteness of his teeth, differs not so much from the Sumatran chief, who, by every means in his power, heightens the jetty hue of his, and incases

them in gold, as men differ from each other in their ideas of what constitutes happiness.

"This period of my life passed as yours, my lord, has hitherto done, in observation; and the recollection of it neither conjures up one painful thought, nor a wish that it had never been.

"Do not infer, that because I remained single, I was insensible to the power of female charms;—every man of education and of heart *must* feel them. Young, gay, and susceptible, I saw in every splendid party objects of attraction; the companion of an evening's amusement often appeared again in my slumbers, arrayed in all the panoply of beauty;—lovely as the Houri, in whose smiles the faithful Mussulmans hope to bask through eternity! The rapid succession of these feelings—and it was rather the lapse of a delightful vision, than the reality of actual existence—this general admiration of the sex—preserved me from individual attachment.

"But soon my fondness for travelling was satiated by indulgence. I was yet conscious that much of man remained to be seen—to be studied: that I had still to read much of my own heart, before I could be said to have advanced far in the knowledge prescribed by the Delphic oracle. I looked into myself assiduously:—I checked with vigilance the growth of those weeds of which my own heart seemed to be the native soil; and I resolutely opposed the entrance of those vices, which the contagion of promiscuous society would otherwise have infused into it. This sort of feeling—so different, as I perceived, from that of the gay and the dissolute by whom I was surrounded—awakened in me the conviction that the clerical function was well adapted for me; and I turned again to those views, which, before the death of my father, had bounded my prospects in life.

"Such was the state of my mind when I first met Adelaide St. Ormond.

"There was nothing romantic, nothing uncommon in the style of my introduction to her; I considered it, at the



time, as one of the 'straw-like trifles on life's common stream:' she was beautiful, it is true, and highly accomplished;—but every day presented to me objects possessing the same attractions, and I saw nothing in her distinct from the generality of well-born and well-educated females. Accident—the casual intercourse of society—improved our acquaintance; from seeing and understanding something of her mind, I felt interested to see and understand more. By the gratification of this desire, I perceived how widely she differed from the accomplished triflers by whom she was surrounded;—yet even when I had ascertained this, I could have seen her wedded to a man who, I thought, deserved her, without heaving one sigh of regret, or disappointment.

“The pleasure, I at first experienced in her society, increased at every interview; she always conversed with me with freedom; with an easy dignity, totally distinct from a mind capable of artifice. We were amused, interested, happy, in the society of each other, and yet absence was arrayed in no material terrors for either.

“But this pleasure—this interest—assumed, at length, so great a power in my heart, that separation from her was misery—the possibility of her preferring another, despair. The pleasures I had formerly sought with so much avidity, were deprived of the power of giving enjoyment; Adelaide's idea followed me every where, her image began insensibly to steal into every prospect of future happiness;—I felt that to be unhappy with her was impossible, as my preference of her was founded on a conviction of her superior powers of conferring felicity, and of the goodness, the amiability of her heart.

“I now felt myself justified as a man who knew the world, and as a Christian who had calculated with tolerable accuracy what portion of happiness could be acquired in it, to ask her to become the partner of my future life. I did not, it is true, anticipate a refusal; but if that had occurred, it would have led me to no extravagant resolutions; I should, indeed, have regretted with



tears of anguish the loss of a being, who was so dear to me; but to have seen her happy would have rendered me tranquil:—I should still have enjoyed a secret satisfaction in being, if possible, the guardian genius of her future life.

“ But, happily, I was not reduced to this alternative; I received at once unqualified acceptance from a heart that was above disguise. The period that immediately succeeded the formation of our engagement, was indeed delicious; and the visible increase it occasioned to Adelaide's happiness, sublimed it to a pitch of rapture. The spring of existence seemed to have become the more powerful. I saw in the treasure of my heart that being over whose life I was to watch with anxious solicitude; we were to be associated in all its pleasures and its pains; to repose in the same grave, and to stand together at the bar of immortality. This contemplation formed the summit of felicity; it had all the glowing delight of a splendid vision, with all the sober certainty of reality.

“ We were united, and saw together the most interesting parts of Europe. Travel unfolded all the native energies of a vigorous and highly cultivated mind; and, at the expiration of two years, on our return to our native soil, I had the satisfaction of seeing her admired by all, equalled by few, surpassed by none.

“ Picture to yourself, my lord, my establishment conducted by such a woman—my general life spent with her. How superior to any '*gaieté du cœur*' that can be found in a lonely mansion, or a bustling inn! Who would for a moment place the bought attentions of dependants in competition with the affectionate solicitude of a wife? Look at the aggregate of human life,—observe the chamber of sickness and the bed of death; it is there we learn to estimate the real value of things—the comparative comfort of condition; it is there we see every thing stripped of disguise; it is there we discover what portion of sterling gold may fall to the lot of a reasonable man, and how he can most easily divest it of its dross; it is there, in short,

we discover that man is a creature whose happiness depends, in a great measure, on the sympathy, the affection, the good-will of others; and that he who lives alone, becomes self-engrossed and misanthropic.

"I am well aware, that the man who enters society in search of a wife, very soon finds one, who perhaps does not recompence even the slight degree of anxiety the securing of her occasioned. But I may add, that he who endeavours by every means in his power to fortify his mind against being *tempted*, as he would call it, to marry, is employed in rendering callous the most dignified feelings of his nature."

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### THE VAMPYRE;—A FRAGMENT.

*Taken from a Tale of that Title, by LORD BYRON, just published.*

"Soon after, Aubrey determined to proceed upon one of his excursions, which was to detain him for a few hours; when they heard the name of the place, they all at once begged of him not to return at night, as he must necessarily pass through a wood, where no Greek would ever remain, after the day had closed, upon any consideration. They described it as the resort of the vampyres in their nocturnal orgies, and denounced the most heavy evils as impending upon him who dared to cross their path. Aubrey made light of their representations, and tried to laugh them out of the idea; but when he saw them shudder at his daring thus to mock a superior, infernal power, the very name of which apparently made their blood freeze, he was silent.

"Next morning, Aubrey set off upon his excursion unattended; he was surprised to observe the melancholy face of his host, and was concerned to find that his words, mocking the belief of those horrible fiends, had inspired

them with such terror. When he was about to depart, Ianthe came to the side of his horse, and earnestly begged of him to return, ere night allowed the power of these beings to be put in action;—he promised. He was, however, so occupied in his research, that he did not perceive that day-light would soon end, and that in the horizon there was one of those specks, which, in the warmer climates, so rapidly gather into a tremendous mass, and pour all their rage upon the devoted country.—He at last, however, mounted his horse, determined to make up by speed for his delay; but it was too late. Twilight, in these southern climates, is almost unknown; immediately the sun sets, night begins: and ere he had advanced far, the power of the storm was above—its echoing thunders had scarcely an interval of rest—its thick heavy rain forced its way through the canopying foliage, whilst the blue forked lightning seemed to fall and radiate at his very feet. Suddenly his horse took fright, and he was carried with dreadful rapidity through the entangled forest. The animal at last, through fatigue, stopped, and he found by the glare of lightning, that he was in the neighbourhood of a hovel that hardly lifted itself up from the masses of dead leaves and brushwood which surrounded it. Dismounting, he approached, hoping to find some one to guide him to the town, or at least trusting to obtain shelter from the pelting of the storm. As he approached, the thunders, for a moment silent, allowed him to hear the dreadful shrieks of a woman mingling with the stifled, exultant mockery of a laugh, continued in one almost unbroken sound;—he was startled: but, roused by the thunder which again rolled over his head, he, with a sudden effort, forced open the door of the hut. He found himself in utter darkness: the sound, however, guided him. He was apparently unperceived; for, though he called, still the sounds continued, and no notice was taken of him. He found himself in contact with some one, whom he immediately seized; when a voice cried, “Again baffled!” to

himself. He then, without delay, returned to the garden.

which a loud laugh succeeded ; and he felt himself grappled by one whose strength seemed superhuman : determined to sell his life as dearly as he could, he struggled ; but it was in vain : he was lifted from his feet, and hurled with enormous force against the ground :—his enemy threw himself upon him, and kneeling upon his breast, had placed his hands upon his throat—when the glare of many torches penetrating through the hole that gave light in the day, disturbed him ;—he instantly rose, and, leaving his prey, rushed through the door, and in a moment the crashing of the branches, as he broke through the wood, was no longer heard. The storm was now still ; and Aubrey, incapable of moving, was soon heard by those without. They entered ; the light of their torches fell upon the mud walls, and the thatch loaded on every individual straw with heavy flakes of soot. At the desire of Aubrey, they searched for her who had attracted him by her cries ; he was again left in darkness ; but what was his horror, when the light of the torches once more burst upon him, to perceive the airy form of his fair conductress brought in a lifeless corse. He shut his eyes, hoping that it was but a vision arising from his disturbed imagination ; but he again saw the same form, when he unclosed them, stretched by his side. There was no colour upon her cheek, not even upon her lip ; yet there was a stillness about her face that seemed almost as attaching as the life that once dwelt there :—upon her neck and breast was blood, and upon her throat were the marks of teeth having opened the vein :—to this the men pointed, crying, simultaneously struck with horror, “ A Vampyre ! a Vampyre ! ” A litter was quickly formed, and Aubrey was laid by the side of her who had lately been to him the object of so many bright and fairy visions, now fallen with the flower of life that had died within her.”



## EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR APRIL, 1819.

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THE affairs of the month are comprised under few heads. In Parliament, the most important measure has been the passing of a new Restriction Act to prevent the Bank for some time making any partial issues of specie. An interesting Report was made from the Committee; and it was announced, that a final one may be expected soon after the Easter Recess. The Committee then hope to suggest a plan for resuming cash payments; and in the mean time state, that a chief obstacle to fixing a specific time lay in the payment of notes under £5, issued before 1817, as now practised by the Bank. They therefore recommend the speedy passing of a Bill to restrict the Bank from these partial issues of specie, as they tended only to weaken their resources, and thus defer the complete resumption; all these partial issues being instantly drawn out of circulation, and transported. From January, 1816, to January, 1819, the payments in specie amounted to £4,500,000; and from the 1st of January last to this time, to £700,000; making together £5,200,000. Of this sum, no less than £3,750,000 had found its way to the French Mint, as proved by a Report of a French Minister of Finance.

A brief summary of the financial produce of the year has been published, from which it appears, if not erroneously stated, that the revenue is in a state of progressive increase; and that, if seconded by a due economy in our expenditure, it will ultimately bring the receipt at least to a level with the necessary payments.

The *accouchement* of the Duchess of Cambridge took

place at the principal palace at Hanover on Friday morning the 26th of March, at three o'clock, when her Royal Highness was safely delivered of a fine boy. Colonel Prott, the Duke's equerry, was sent off at eight the same morning, with tidings to the Royal Family, that the Duchess and the young Prince were doing well.

It will be learned with concern, that the Duchess of Clarence has been so much indisposed as to occasion a premature *accouchement*, on Saturday morning the 27th of March, at half past six o'clock, when her Royal Highness gave birth to a female child, which lived till one o'clock, and then expired. The Duchess was very unwell after the birth of the child, but at four o'clock was pronounced better; and at the time dispatches were sent off to England, it was hoped she would do well.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent were on their way to town, and expected on or about the 29th instant, for the purpose of her Royal Highness's *accouchement*.

The French nation are assuming a warlike posture, as they declare, "to increase the strength and independence of that country, by making her respected abroad." The fortresses of the first, second, and third order are to be put in a perfect state of defence, and all the works are to be completed, and cannon mounted in the course of the spring; at the same time the French army is rapidly reorganizing; and the old soldiers are said to return with transport to the banners of the nation, because their old officers, who led them to glory, are recalled to their standards; from 250,000 to 300,000, are to be raised, a most formidable force in the time of peace, and one that is to be feared, if not well affected to the House of Bourbon!

On Tuesday the 30th ult. the King of France received the Persian ambassador in great state on his throne. His Excellency delivered several presents to his majesty, among which was a precious stone, a panacea for all complaints. His Excellency is now on his way to this country.

Spain and the United States have concluded a treaty that cedes the Floridas to the republic; that is to say, all the Spanish territory from the river Mississippi to St. Augustin and the Gulf of Florida on the east; and from the same Mississippi to the Sabine river on the west, including the islands along the coast dependant on the Floridas; a commanding position that will place the British colonies in the power of America, should she at any time be disposed to impede, or obstruct, our trade with them. So much for the gratitude of Spain, after freeing her by our exertions from the yoke of France, and rendering her an independent nation. A law has also been approved by the President for protecting American merchants from the piracies of vessels, sailing under the flag of the South American Patriots.

The celebrated Kotzebue was assassinated last month by a fanatic of the name of Sandt, at his own residence. On M. Kotzebue's entering the apartment into which the stranger had been shewn, he immediately plunged a poniard into his heart; M. Kotzebue, in his fall, dragged the assassin with him to the floor, who again stabbed him through the lungs, and wounded him in the face. The man triumphed in what he had done; said, "The Traitor is dead! the country is saved! long live Germany!" On being pointed out by some ladies, as he was going from the house, he turned back, looked wildly, and raising his eyes to heaven in exultation, he bared his breast, and stabbed himself. He was afterwards restored to his senses, but though not dead, he is not expected to live, and has made no confession that can satisfy the friends of the deceased.

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## THE DRAMA.

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### DRURY-LANE.

THE new tragedy of the Italians (the rejection of which had occasioned a dispute between the author, Mr. Buck, and the actor, Mr. Kean) was brought forth on the 3d inst. and attracted a very crowded audience. For want of a prologue, the performance commenced with a disturbance; and several scenes passed over in dumb shew, before silence could be obtained; at length, the play was begun again; and the first and second acts were listened to with tolerable attention, except now and then laughter at some extravagant passages; but it was impossible to know any thing of the plot, unless the auditor had previously read the play. Rae, as Albania, a frantic outlaw, raved at times with considerable effect, but intermixed here and there with a bombastic phrase that threw discredit upon the rest. Miss Smithson, in a puerile character, called Scipio, had to lead about a blind gentleman of the name of Fontano, in the person of Mr. Powell; and to utter, that "*Nightingale's brains and the purple leaves of the violet constitute the food of Fairies, when they whisper amorous tales to slumbering dairy-maids;*" which was too simple for the audience; and to add to the *naiveté* of the scene, the innocent conversation of these overgrown babies was interrupted by the delightful, but very unexpected melody of some nightingales; to which the whole house, as soon as they had recovered from their surprise, joined in chorus; and afterwards there was a continued uproar, confusion, and tumult, to the end. The manager was not present; and no positive answer being given to the demand of the house, that the play should be withdrawn, there was nothing but noise and confusion for the remain-



der of the night. It has, however, been again performed; and again condemned. The author's friends are of opinion, that the piece has not been fairly treated; and think that, after it has undergone some necessary alterations and corrections, it will succeed; and it is said, they intend to bring it out at the theatre Covent-Garden; but it is generally thought, that it would not have met with the countenance it has done, if the public had not considered the author ill-used. It is but justice to the performers to say, that they did every thing in their power to ensure the success of the play; but one or two papers have been so illiberal as to attribute its failure to them; the *News* in particular, has written a very severe and acrimonious critique on Miss *Smithson's* singing in the part of Scipio, on the *second night*, though Miss S. did not perform on that night; and when called on to apologize for their malignant attack, they excused themselves by saying, that the remarks were applicable to Miss S.'s first performance, though the parts which were sung on the second night were recited on the first. In fact, Scipio is the worst character in the piece; and though Miss S. condescended to perform it for the author, the greater part of the dialogue is unfit for representation.

On the 13th inst. a new melo-drama, founded on the story of Abudah; or, The Talisman of Oramanes, one of the "Tales of the Genii," was represented. It abounds in oriental pageantry; the music is agreeable; the dialogue is not extravagant, and most of the songs are elegant and simple. The piece was given out for repetition with decided approbation.

On Saturday the 17th inst. a new comedy, entitled Honour, or, Arrivals from College, was brought forward at this theatre; it is written by a Mr. Cromwell, known as the author of some tolerably good poems. With the exception of a few passages, the comedy is well written; the characters do not want variety, nor distinctness, though deficient in boldness and strength. It is very creditable as

the production of a young author; and is an earnest of something better.

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#### COVENT-GARDEN.

MR. YATES, from the Edinburgh theatre, made his first appearance before a London audience, on Tuesday the 13th inst. in the character of Falstaff, in the First Part of Henry the Fourth; and was very favourably received.

On the 17th inst. a new musical drama, in three acts, called *The Heart of Mid Lothian*, was performed the first time at this theatre. The story is well known to the public, from the admirable manner in which it has been dramatised at the Surrey theatre, where its success has induced the managers of the Covent-Garden theatre to bring it forward with alterations, and a variety of new and picturesque scenery, and selections from fine Scotch music. The acting in general was admirable; and the piece was received with the most flattering applause. Miss Stephens was interesting in *Effie Deans*, and sang some sweet airs with great execution and effect. Mrs. C. Kemble, in *Madge Wildfire* was inimitable; and the comic powers of Liston, Emery, and Simmons, appeared to great advantage. The success of the Opera was decisive; and it is likely to become an established favourite.

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#### LITERARY NOTICE.

Just published, price 2s. 6d. *RAFFAELLE CIMARO*, a Tragedy. By Thomas James Serle, Comedian.

In the Press, and speedily will be published, a new Edition, corrected throughout, of *GREY'S MEMORIA TECHNICA*; to which is added, *DR. LOWE'S Table of MNEMONICS*, in one vol. 12mo.

THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR MAY, 1819.

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WALKING DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of jaconaut muslin; the skirt is moderately full; it is trimmed round the bottom with the same material, which is disposed in such a manner as to form, with an intermixture of cord, a very novel and fanciful trimming, for the form of which we refer to our print. The body is made *en chemisette*, but has very little fulness. Long sleeve, the upper part is very full; it is drawn in compartments with cord, so as to form a full epaulette; the lower part is finished by a cuff to correspond with the bottom, but considerably smaller. There is a small high collar, edged with narrow lace. The spencer worn with this dress is composed of blue satin, of a delicate shade; it is made tight to the shape; the back, of the usual breadth, and has a high standing collar, which, as well as the epaulettes and cuffs, are richly braided with white silk cord. Head-dress, a gipsy bonnet, composed of white *gros de Naples*; the edge of the brim is ornamented by a rouleau of blue satin; it ties under the chin with blue satin strings; and it is ornamented with a plume of down feathers, at the base of which is a blue satin bow. A *cornette*, with a full border of narrow lace, is worn under this bonnet. Gloves and shoes to correspond.

EVENING DRESS.

A ROUND dress composed of book muslin, worn over a white silk slip; the bottom of the skirt is finished by a

trimming of bright rose-coloured satin; the upper part of which is pointed; this is surmounted by a wreath of Provence roses, which is placed above it at some distance. The *corsage* is of rose-coloured satin; it is cut very low, and is trimmed round the bust with a row of blond set on almost plain. Short full sleeve of book muslin drawn close to the arm by a narrow rouleau of rose-coloured satin. Head-dress, a turban composed of light rose-coloured gauze; it is decorated with a band of pearl, which goes across the forehead, and confines the fullness of the turban on one side towards the crown of the head, where it terminates; a full blown rose is placed at the end of the pearl band. The hair is brought very low at the sides, so as partially to shade the ears, and to leave the forehead entirely bare; it is dressed in small curls. Pearl ear-rings; white satin slippers; white kid gloves.—These dresses were invented by Mrs. Smith, of 15, Burlington-street.

White dresses, and silk or satin spencers, are at present more fashionable than any thing else in the promenade costume; silk pelisses, particularly those of lavender colour, and primrose, are next in estimation. We have just seen one of the latter colour, composed of *gros de Naples*, which we think very deserving the attention of our fair readers.

It is lined with white sarsnet; the skirt is moderately full, and gored; the back is full, but drawn in at each side with cord, and ornamented at each hip with buttons of a novel and pretty description; they are rather large, and are composed of a mixture of floss and hard silk. The front is tight to the shape, and is cut byas; the sleeve is rather loose, and comes very far over the hand. The trimming is figured satin, a shade darker than the pelisse; it is a plain band cut byas, and finished at each edge by a rouleau; this goes all round; the collar corresponds. The shoulder is ornamented with a small, but very full epaulette, looped in three places by buttons to correspond with those at the waist, but much smaller; the



bottom of the sleeve is finished in a similar style with the skirt.

Morning dresses are now always made of jaconet, or cambric muslin. Robes, made a little shorter than the petticoat, are much in favour; they are trimmed in different ways; some have a single row of rich French work all round, and are finished at the neck by a full ruff, instead of a collar. Others are trimmed with two or three rows of cased muslin, which is terminated by a single flounce of muslin; and several are trimmed with an intermixture of muslin with white cord, something in the style of the one we have given in our print. The bodies of these dresses are in general in the *chemisette* form, though we have seen some tight to the shape; the sleeves are always rather wide, and come very far over the hand.

Fancy straw bonnets begin to be worn in promenade dress, but they are not considered so genteel as Leghorn, which, for the present, seems to have superseded every other material. Bonnets are still worn large; they are in general trimmed with riband, which is now worn very broad and rich; figured ribands are the most in estimation. Flowers are partially worn in walking bonnets, but much more generally in carriage bonnets, or hats.

Spencers are very generally worn in carriage dress, as are also black and white lace scarfs; they have plain grounds, but the borders are rich, and the ends particularly so; they are very long, but in general do not exceed half a yard in breadth, and are usually worn over a spencer.

*Gros de Naples* and white satin are the materials used for bonnets in carriage dress. Leghorn hats are also very much worn; and both hats and bonnets are adorned with flowers. Fashionable colours are pale lavender colour, pink, primrose, azure, and green.

## COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

Rose coloured silk spencers are now generally worn with white dresses for the promenade; these spencers are always made tight to the shape, and are finished at the waist with *tabs*: there are sometimes two rows of these *tabs* at the back part of the spencer; they are buttoned up the front, and are finished with a small pointed cuff, the points turned upwards, and a pointed epaulette, both of the same material as the spencer.

White and black lace shawls, and half handkerchiefs, both very large, are also in request for the promenade costume; they are worn with silk dresses as well as muslin ones; the former are in some estimation, but they are declining in favour.

The materials for *Chapeaux* are various, and some new ones have been introduced, but we cannot yet say how far they will become fashionable; one of them called *paille de soie*, is already in some estimation, and seems likely to be in great favour; it is composed of narrow riband, plaited to resemble straw. Another *paille coton*, which we mentioned last month, is now little worn; a third is called *Xuassed*, it is split straw manufactured in a new manner. No alteration has taken place in the shape of bonnets, which are now decorated with flowers only, feathers being rarely seen. Hats of a round shape continue in favour, but the brims are now much larger; they are of the same width all round.

Gowns continue to be made as described last month. Toques and dress-hats are still fashionable, but not so much so as head-dresses of hair; flowers and pearls, or jewels intermixed, form the fashionable *coiffure*. The hair is dressed always of a very moderate height.

The colours most in favour are rose colour, citron, lilac, and a peculiar shade of sea green.

THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

FLORA.

I saw my Flora's hands intwine  
The tendrils of the cluster'd vine;  
Deep blush'd the grape's impurpled skin  
With rich and luscious draughts within;  
She press'd the juice, and laughing cried,  
Quaff, freely quaff the racy tide!—  
I knew its pow'r, and turn'd to sip  
A milder nectar from her lip;  
But when, alas! from wine could flow  
Such madd'ning dreams as now I know!  
Who could have drain'd from any bowl  
Such sweet ebriety of soul!

She blush'd, and bade me roses seek,  
Then shamed them by her glowing cheek.  
She loos'd the simple zone which bound  
Her bosom's love-inspiring round,  
And ever, as it rose and fell,  
Seem'd with her laughing eyes to tell,  
Though fair yon snowy flow'rs appear  
The lily's native bed is here.

My willing steps the wanton led  
By many a rich and fragrant bed,  
Where amid livelier tints was seen  
The laurel's staid and sober green.  
Seductive fair! I would not now  
With victor wreaths intwine my brow;  
Mine be the less ambitious braid  
With Flora 'neath the myrtle shade!

ANON.

## VERSES

ADDRESSED TO MISS MARY S--V--GE, OF MANSFIELD.

WHILE other bards in tributary lays  
At beauty's shrine poetic incense raise—  
While titled belles their flatt'ring beaux inspire,  
And the pert sonnet teems with fulsome fire—  
Shall I, the meanest of the tuneful train,  
Attempt the candid, honest verse in vain?  
Shall I unjust to worth and beauty prove?  
Forbid it honour, and forbid it love.

Come, fav'rite muse, assist the theme divine,  
Fill with my Mary's praise the liquid line;  
Let rival nymphs (yet without envy) hear  
How fair she is! how most divinely fair!  
What lovely charms our ravish'd sense surprize!  
What killing graces languish in her eyes!  
What soften'd smiles her angel cheeks display!  
Though artless, sure to steal our hearts away.

But why thus dwell on her external pow'r,  
(Beauty's at best a transitory flow'r)  
Since more than features, more than form, can charm,  
Her mind's sweet graces all our senses warm;  
Unschool'd by art, from affectation free,  
In all the charms of dear simplicity;  
Of sweetest temper, amiably good,  
Free, no coquet, and virtuous, though no prude;  
In her, sweet maiden, all I seek I find,  
Each grace of body, and each charm of mind;  
If faults she has, those faults I cannot see,  
She's bliss, she's joy, she's ev'ry thing to me!  
For her all dangers I would gladly face,  
And if to love her be accounted base,  
Well am I pleas'd to bear with such disgrace,  
And proudly to the world I'll boast my crime,  
Ev'n as to Mary now I do't in rhyme.  
Ah! ne'er shall I forget that happy day,  
When through the mead with her I chanc'd to stray,



Where rev'rend trees compos'd a sacred grove,  
There first she listen'd to my tale of love,  
To all my woes she lent a pitying ear,  
And, sighing, granted my desponding pray'r ;  
To my request she sweetly did incline,  
And fondly vow'd to be for ever mine.  
My sole delight in Mary thus was plac'd,  
Blest with her love, and in her friendship grac'd,  
The fleeting hours of life mov'd swiftly on ;  
I said to care, adieu—to grief, begone ;  
Content with Mary I will pass my days ;  
Despise conceit, nor court the bubble praise.  
But soon, too soon! these pleasures wing'd their way,  
They fled, they vanish'd, as the closing day,  
While far, far from the sighs of her I love,  
By fate constrained, I am forc'd to rove,  
And, ah! what words, what language can reveal  
The anguish absence causes me to feel!  
Yet hope still cheers me with reviving ray,  
(And helps to drive the tedious hours away)  
That soon with her again I'll fondly prove,  
The dear delights of ardent mutual love.

And still for her, dear maid, where'er I am,  
My love shall be unalterable, the same ;  
No change of fortune, and no change of place,  
No time can ever from my mind efface  
Her gentle form, her accents soft and mild,  
That first, alas! this wav'ring heart beguil'd ;  
Still shall I think on all her various charms,  
And fondly wish her 'circl'd in my arms.

April 1st, 1819.

J. W. G——.

TO \*———.

WHEN men of sense, and learning too,  
Assume the coxcomb when they can,  
Debasing to our wond'ring view  
Whate'er is great or good in man,

The blush of grief and indignation,  
 On woman's cheek doth often glow,  
 To see these lords of the creation  
 Stoop from their boasted height so low :  
 Though deeply skill'd in wisdom's lore,  
 And nurs'd in learning's classic school,  
 Taught by philosophy to soar  
 Superior to the fop, or fool ;  
 Yet some will do as thou hast done,  
 Maugre their sense and learning too,  
 Nor curb the rude licentious tongue,  
 Till they, like thee, have cause to rue.  
 Proud as thou art, vain talker ! know,  
 Th' indignant blush my pain revealing,  
 Thy suit, indelicate and low,  
 Offends my ear, and wounds my feeling.

*Thulé, April, 1818.*

ORA.

#### SONG.—TO KATE.

OH ! say not love will quickly fly,  
 And yield the melting heart to sorrow ;  
 The tear that glitters in the eye  
 Is herald of his faith to-morrow.

Nurs'd amid storms and tempests, he  
 Has made the thunder-cloud his pillow ;  
 His ev'ning lamp—the lightning's blaze,  
 His lullaby—the roaring billow !

Woe may assail with ev'ry ill,  
 By coward Nature weakly dreaded ;  
 Our souls will scorn the rude divorce,  
 And prove themselves too firmly wedded !

Then say not love will quickly fly,  
 And yield the melting heart to sorrow ;  
 The tear that glitters in the eye,  
 Is herald of his faith to-morrow !

C. FEIST.

## SONNET TO MISS MARY OLIVER.

THY lovely eye, thy bosom fair,  
Thy 'witching smile unconscious 'snare;  
The heedless youth the glance will rue,  
That turns aside to gaze on you.  
Yet, ah! my Mary, sweetest Maid!  
Like flowrets, all your charms will fade;  
Stern haggard age, which robs their bloom,  
Will rob you too, my Mary, soon.  
And nearer is resemblance shown  
Between thy sex and roses blown—  
When vulgar hands have pluck'd the prize,  
And in a bosom droops, and dies.  
May cruelty ne'er force from thee  
The bitter tear of misery!

*Somer's Town.*

W. S—s.

## ENIGMA.

My stature is but small, I grant,  
Yet nothing outward do I want  
To make me charming to the view,  
Or give me a becoming hue;  
Of gold, or silver, brass, or tin,  
In various shapes and forms I'm seen;  
The learned oft, astonish'd, gaze,  
Filling me with my well-earn'd praise;  
And often in amazement cry—  
"Indeed! hem! it has but one eye!  
I grant it charming, but, we're told,  
Th' invention of it's very old.  
Within I'm fill'd with pins, or brass,  
Painted fan-sticks, or broken glass;  
And what one day holds fruits and jelly,  
Next, fills my all-transforming belly!  
And you would think, knew you not such,  
I was the arrantest old witch.  
Next, for my use--the dandies cry,  
"If you would see, pray shut one eye.

How pretty 'tis! the hole's too small—  
But here's another—best of all!

*'Pin m' honner! I ne'er heard mention  
D' une telle fort utile invention!*

The—ha! how exquisite!—'tis gone!—

The purple's fall'n—'twas like a sun!

Prodigious! trifles of no use

Should such amazing things produce!"

Oft to Clarissa's cheek I'm press'd;

Oft lie on Stella's snow-white breast;

Oft on the sofa roll along;

Oft on the toilette furious flung;

Oft play'd with at a boarding-school;

Oft shut up in a *ridicule*.

"Lord, bless me!" fair Belinda cries,

"My hair's all coming in my eyes!

Well! I have look'd till I'm disgusted!

See, how my frills are disadjusted!"

Then throws me down, with anger red,

And decorates afresh her head.

Though old I am, I ne'er was seen

Till eighteen hundred and eighteen;

But then, as soon as I got light,

All were enraptur'd at the sight;

I was caress'd in various ways,

And liv'd—just five-and-forty days!

I'm call'd—but stay, without my name

You will discover what I am.

T. WOOD.

### NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Farewell, and On Friendship, are not equal to what we have before received from the same writers. Many other communications are received, to which we have no objection.

The Continuation of "My Uncle John," is anxiously expected.

In our last, the motto which precedes the lines on Peace was incorrectly printed: Read,

*Quis gurgis? aut quæ sumina lugubris*

*Ignara belli? quod mare Dauniæ*

*Non decoloravêre cædes!*

*Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?*

HORACE.



From the year 1776 to 1789  
The first Congress of the United States  
was held in Lancaster, Pennsylvania  
from September 1776 to December 1776  
and then moved to York, Pennsylvania  
in January 1777. The Congress  
was dissolved in September 1777  
and the Continental Congress  
was re-established in Lancaster  
in December 1777.

The Continental Congress  
was the first national  
legislative body of the United States.  
It was composed of representatives  
from the thirteen original states.  
The Congress was responsible for  
the Declaration of Independence  
in 1776 and the adoption of the  
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Designed by Miss Rose Emma Drummond

Engraved by J. Reynolds del.

Mrs. Elizabeth Inchbald.

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